

# Latin School Register

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April, 1925

Latin School Register

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# Latin School Register

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# Ecstasy

LEONARD AMSTER

I AM oppressed,—green startles me,  
And yet,—I am at peace.  
I lie upon green moss, and look  
Up through the screeching green of leaves  
To a sky that drips blue beads of light  
Upon a sightless world,—

A world

That never sees nor cares to see  
The stab of color in the sky at dawn,  
The sad gray gloom at dusk;  
To hear the lark that Shelley heard,  
The nightingale that Keats once listened to.

But I alone within these woods  
Have felt the sting of thorns,  
The piercing cry of leaves that change their hue,  
The bush whose brown eats in my flesh  
And makes my soul cry out in agony.  
I hear the lark and nightingale,  
I understand the music of the stream,  
I drink the blue that, loosened by the sky,  
Fills me with singing and a poet's song.

Ah! this is life!—

Such beauty is the *heart* of man  
The *Soul* of God.  
That butterfly that throws a sun-like beam  
Upon a leaf, is life itself,—is Ecstasy.

## Ecstasy

LEONARD AMSTER

*Honorable Mention, Boston Traveler Short Story Contest*

### THE POET'S TALE

J WAS a young lad then. My mother was long since dead, and my father, occupied in the fields, was too busy to see to my education or to notice how I passed my time. We lived in Wales where beauty rests in every wooded glen and God is to be found among the green of leaves. The curve of the willow tree, the music of the stream, the timid movement of clouds that cast white magic o'er the sky, all were my school; and the God who made the poplar, stretching—ever stretching—to the heavens, was my religion. One summer's day when the sun mercilessly beat down and scorched the earth, and when the trees knew not the slightest breeze, I suddenly felt a great heat consume my entire being. I could not move. I felt my pulses beating madly; and in my soul there was the song of one gone mad. I lay upon the grass to bathe in the cool lush green, but that too burnt from the smouldering fire in the chill blue of the sky. I fell asleep, and while asleep I spent the most exquisite hour of my life. I thought I was transported to a cool green grove where birds loosed wondrous melodies to the sky and the sky returned a silent gentle silver rain that made sweet music as it brushed the leaves. I was divinely happy. All the birds sang of love, and the multi-colored flowers coyly nodded in assent. All at once the birds stopped singing, and the flowers erect seemed to wait in great anticipation. I heard a soft mellow note, and turning 'round I saw a nightingale perched upon the topmost bough of a red beech tree. My heart quickened as I heard the song so rare in meaning, so exquisite in note. In it was culminated all ecstasy, all beauty. In the song was the vibrant music of the sea, the plaintive tune of a shepherd's lute; in the verse was the love of a creature of God who understands the Beauty of God; and the rhythm was the perfect beat of the bough as it swayed back and forth in the breeze. *It was that song that brought me fame.* I awoke to find the sun in the West. The distant sky now seemed to cry with the harsh orange that spread over the purple hills. As if there were trumpets that reverberated from hill to hill, the earth listened ominously for the final note that would tell of the setting of the sun and the coming of night to cool the land. It was still fearfully hot, and all the world seemed to wither; but in my heart there was the song of the nightingale, and in my soul was ecstasy.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE STORY OF THE ARTIST

Some time ago when I was but a young man I visited the coast of Ireland. I had always felt the need of the sea to inspire me, so I left the roar of London for the roar of water as it bit the rocks of Galway. I was alone, and wanted no companion. Without a friend I believed I could better appreciate the waves as they beat against the shore and better picture the scenes into which I had entered. It was God's own country there. I would walk along a crooked road in whose very windings I found charm, and revel in the picturesque thatched houses that lay hidden behind banks of roses whose pinks and yellows shone in the mid-day sun. Then I would walk for miles without a sight of thatch or the fragrance of the rose, and I would marvel at the powerful beauty of the sea on my right, while on the left I thrilled at the loveliness of wheat blown awry. There was a beauty in the graceful swing of wheat that only Corot could have expressed; and to express on the flat surface of

(Continued on page 8)

## The Kite Vault

JACOB MOSKOVITZ, '26

**B**RADLEY reined in his horse; and getting out, under the pretense of examining his horse's fore-foot, he directed a searching glance under the animal's belly at the bushes he had just passed. He was certain he saw again the slight movement behind the screen of leaves. As he climbed back into the two-wheeled gig, his eyes held a guarded look, and he bit his lips. He sent the horse ahead again, sitting slightly sidewise in the seat, and gripping the black bag between his two feet.

He carefully avoided betraying by any sign that he suspected that he was being followed. Such a betrayal might precipitate action; and he must have time to think. He quickly dismissed the idea of making a straight run for it, for there were too many short cuts where they could head off the gig.

He cursed himself for being weaponless. Because he had carried the payroll for five years without trouble, it was no excuse for being unprepared. Indeed, it was all the more reason to think that something was due to happen. Moreover, his neglect of the warning fact that two hard-looking strangers had drifted into Iron-town from nowhere in particular was carelessness that he regretted.

As he approached the mouth of the canyon, where the placer trail joined the road, he hopefully scanned the hillside for sign of a horseman, but the trail was empty. In another moment the steep sides of the canyon towered on each side of him, shutting him out from the world. It didn't matter; his chances of escape were as bad in the canyon as in the open.

When a short way in the canyon, he suddenly heard the clatter of hoofs. Looking around, he saw two horsemen pull up to a walk some little way behind him. He laughed for a short time at their stupidity. They had come boldly out into the open, thinking that he would believe they had just come down the Placer trail and fallen in behind him. All his suspicions were confirmed, for he was absolutely certain that there had been no one on the trail.

He checked his horse to a walk. He knew almost to a certainty where they intended to attack him. This was a spot, well known to him, which, if they had surveyed it before, they must have chosen because of its perfect adaptation for a hold-up. This spot lay a half mile ahead, at the upper end of the canyon.

The road, which followed the south side of the canyon to this point, struck off over the crest of the north ridge, making a sharp hairpin turn. Both riders could press close behind him as he approached this place, then when he was on the bend, one could dash down the bank, which was low at this point, and come onto the road ahead of him, leaving the other to close in behind. A dense growth of live oak screened the place from the rest of the road.

As he came around a bulge in the canyon side, Bradley looked up and saw a smudge of white wood smoke rising towards the sky. A stiff breeze dissipated it almost as soon as it appeared over the tree tops. Bradley knew that it rose from a small ranch house that stood on the near side of the adjacent canyon.

"If Burns were only at home instead of in town," thought the desperate man, "I could dash over there with the bag."

He passed the fork where the road led to the ranch, casting a longing glance in that direction. But of course it would be folly to expect aid from a woman and a ten-year-old boy.

Just beyond this fork, the hairpin turn came in sight. Bradley wound the reins around his hands and held the black bag firmly between his feet. He determined he would give the ruffians a surprise, anyway. If he could manage to plunge down the bank, and up again on the other side where the road went over the ridge, he would be out of the canyon, and a lively chase on the open road might not appeal to the two men so strongly as a quiet ambuscade. He heard hoof beats behind him; the horsemen were drawing up on him as he expected.

He reined up sharply, and staring across the gully, perceived a man bent by the side of a saddled horse, fumbling with the girth-strap. He gave no sign that he was aware of the approach of the gig. Nevertheless, a tenseness in the figure betrayed the careless pose. Bradley realized that he was trapped.

He lifted his whip, determined, in a sudden rage, to make a dash ahead. At that instant he heard a small patter of feet behind him, and turning around, saw a ten-year-old lad running toward him, all out of breath. The boy climbed up on the gig wheel.

"You promised me," he cried hurriedly. "You were going right on by, 'n you promised to stop and make my kite fly!"

Bradley looked at the boy, thinking quickly. He cast a glance at the sinister figure on the road across the gully.

"All right, Jack," he suddenly replied, "guess I'll have to keep my promise. Got plenty of string and things, have you?"

"Sure!" cried the delighted boy. "I got some swell brown paper."

While Bradley dismounted, Jack pulled one of the reins through the rings and fastened the horse to a tree. The two now left the road and pushed their way through the brush towards the boy's house.

Though Bradley caught no glimpse of them, he knew without a shadow of doubt that the two horsemen had dismounted and were following him. He clamped his fingers around the handle of the black bag in a tighter grip. He had upset the bandits' plan—but was he any better off?

Hearing their voices, Mrs. Wilson came out to the porch. Bradley cut short her greetings, giving her in a brief word the situation. The woman comprehended with quick wit, and looked at him with dismay.

"What can we do?" she exclaimed.

"Telephone over to the Crandall's. Go back into the house as if you didn't know anything was wrong. They're watching us." He had a sudden after thought. "Bring the kite out when you come. They'll think you went after it."

She returned in a moment, with the plaything in her hand.

"I got Mrs. Crandall," she said. "She told me Mr. Crandall and a couple of the men were in the barn.. They are probably on the way over here now." She looked at Bradley anxiously.

"What will you do till they come?" she asked.

Bradley gripped the handle of the black bag and looked grim. Then the set lines in his face slowly relaxed. He was looking at the kite which the perplexed Jack was holding in his hand. To Mrs. Wilson's surprise he laughed.

"Might as well pass the time seeing why Jack's kite won't fly. Give it to me Jack. You stay here with your ma."

## PART II

He surveyed the clearing with the eye of a general, then proceeded to a certain

spot that could not be seen from the house. This spot was so chosen that, to reach it unobserved, the skulkers would be compelled to skirt the edge of the brush, which was a considerable circuit. He carefully set the black bag behind a stump, and began to make a tail for the kite. Some minutes later he cast the plaything into the wind, skilfully letting out the string.

The big triangle of paper shot upward like a rocket. Having reached the limit of the string, it began plunging from one side to the other, now and then diving recklessly earthward. Each time it was steadied and sent up again by a long string tail adorned with sheaves of paper.

"Hands up!"

Bradley turned quickly to find himself facing two men. One of them covered him with a revolver.

"What's this?" he asked blankly. "A hold-up?"

"You've guessed it," grinned the man with the gun. "Take the bag, Slim!"

His comrade seized the bag from behind the stump, and opening the catches, peered in. He gave a startled oath.

"Empty!"

Both stared into the bag, dumbfounded.

"Empty!" echoed Bradley, his face stupid, "Empty!"

A sheepish look came over his face. "I guess I must have left the money on the desk at the bank. Pshaw!"

"He has hidden it somewhere!" cried the one called Slim.

"When, I'd like to know?" asked his comrade. "I had my eyes on that bag from the time it left the gig till he set it down behind that stump. He must have it stowed away on him."

He ran his fingers over Bradley's clothes. He gave an exclamation when his fingers felt a bulge—but his face fell when the bulge proved to be only a few rolls of silver. He contemptuously tossed them to his companion. Twenty rolls in all were found, but no bills. He knew that there were five thousand dollars in currency in that black bag. "Junk!" he snarled. "Nothing but——"

Three rapid shots rang out from the direction of the road. The two bandits faced about as if petrified. The next instant they were running headlong for the point in the road where they had left their mounts.

Before the faint clatter of their horses' hoofs had died away, there galloped into the ranch yard three horsemen, whom Bradley recognized as Crandall and two of his men. From the house ran Jack and his mother.

"Got away," cried Crandall, leaping off his horse. Bradley nodded. "My fault," he said. "I forgot to have Mrs. Wilson tell you about that third fellow. He gave them the signal when he saw you coming."

"Did they get away with it?" anxiously questioned Crandall. As his eye caught the empty black bag, he looked at Bradley aghast.

"They only got about one hundred and fifty in silver," Bradley answered him. "By the way, Mrs. Wilson, will you phone the sheriff! Not much chance of getting them, he will probably want to try."

He looked up at the kite, watching its capers with a look of satisfaction. "There's your kite, Jack," he said. "She is flying finely. You'll have to get another tail for it though." He began to reel in the string. In a moment the kite fluttered down to him, and he began carefully to remove the paper sheaves from the tail, smoothing them and dropping them into the black bag.

## The Shoplifter

R. B. Rogers '26

CHRISTMAS was approaching—and the large town of Alden was preparing for this joyous holiday. On the streets people were hurrying hither and thither, helter and skelter, in great haste to make the festival the best in their lives.

Arthur Harte, a newcomer, was standing in the doorway of a building perusing the "Daily Journal." He appeared very much interested in an item in the "Want Column." He read:

WANTED: Two or three young men to do special work until Christmas. Very good pay. Apply: Mr. C. F. Smythe, The Alden Dept. Store, Main Street.

Quickly folding the paper, Arthur hastily walked across the street, turned a corner, and in about five minutes presented himself to Mr. Smythe at the Alden Dept. Store, which was owned by two men, C. F. Smythe and H. L. Ross. It was a large store for a town but was enjoying a prosperous business.

Arthur's duties were to wander about the store, to look at this and that, and to act as a customer. He was to keep his eyes open for shoplifters, who are very numerous at Christmas time. In other words, he was a special detective to look out for the interests of the store.

He immediately started in working. He walked about the store for awhile looking for people who seemed to act suspiciously. Suddenly he was attracted to a charming young lady who was looking at some very expensive pocket-books.

He walked over to the floorwalker and said, "Who is that girl over at that counter looking at the pocket-books?"

The floorwalker laughed and answered, "Why, that's Marjorie Ross."

"Who is she?" queried Arthur.

"O, that you must find out; watch her closely," he retorted as he walked away, chuckling.

Arthur could not help looking at the young lady and wondering who she was. Then, just as he was about to walk on, he noticed her take a very expensive leather bag and walk out.

He stood a moment, stricken with surprise, but then, regaining his senses, swiftly followed her out of the store. She beckoned a taxi and drove on. Regardless of expense, he followed in another. After a drive of about three miles, her taxi stopped in front of a magnificent mansion, and she stepped out and entered the house. Arthur stopped about a hundred yards behind her, paid the driver, and hurried after her.

A few minutes after she had closed the door, he climbed the stairs and noticed over the bell a nameplate marked: H. L. ROSS. He jotted down the name, the street, the number of the house, and a description of the girl. He then took a street-car for home, wondering all the while why a wonderful girl as she seemed to be, should be a shoplifter.

At home he sat over an hour debating in his mind whether he should notify the authorities or not. At last, the argument resolved itself into two issues. The first was to have her arrested, the second was that she was a beautiful girl and ought to be given a chance to explain.

He finally decided that he would let her parents know about the affair and afterwards decide what course to pursue. He accordingly called up Mr. Ross on the telephone and made an appointment with him for that evening to talk over a matter concerning his daughter, but did not inform him of the circumstance.

About eight o'clock that evening he called upon Mr. Ross and found him in the

parlor with Marjorie. He slowly, as if painfully, explained the cause of his being there.

When he had finished, Mr. Ross, looking steadfastly at him said, "Are you sure that it was my daughter whom you saw shoplifting?"

"Yes," answered Arthur with certainty, "it was she."

"Father! Father!" exclaimed Marjorie, "I didn't—"

"Silence! Sit down! It is disgraceful!" ejaculated Mr. Ross.

Arthur arose. Clearing his throat he said, "Sir, restore the pocket-book to the store and I shall drop this matter."

Mr. Ross walked over to Arthur. "My boy," said he with tears of shame in his eyes, "I thank you—." He could say nothing more.

Recovering, he said, "Give me the name and address of the firm and I shall restore the pocket-book."

Arthur replied, "The name of the firm is 'The Alden Dept. Store', the address, Main Street."

Mr. Ross's countenance changed in an instant. He burst into a fit of laughter. At last he stopped and explained that he was Mr. Ross, partner of Mr. Smythe, and that he was the joint owner of the Alden Dept. Store.

He then explained that his daughter was accustomed to go into the store and take what she wanted. He saw that Arthur had mistaken her for a shoplifter and commended him on being alert and on the job.

Then he said, "You might as well remain the rest of the evening with us." Arthur was delighted with the invitation and spent a very enjoyable evening with Mr. Ross and Marjorie.

They invited him to come again. He did. In fact, he became a frequent visitor at the Ross home. Now the rumor is—but that is another story.

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## Ecstasy

(Continued from page 3)

canvas the tremendously compelling soul of the sea was hopeless. I tried, but I failed miserably. For one week I went upon a gray ledge that jutted out into the still greyer waters and attempted to chain the exhilarating personality of the sea; instead, it nearly ensnared me. For once, I nearly threw myself into the waters so that I could be sucked in by the grey, and thereby enter oblivion in the arms of a beautiful siren. I was intoxicated with colors and life. Above me was blue, around me was green, below me was grey; and all around was the joy of living, glorious and palpitating; the green of leaves, the colorful scent of flowers. Finally I was spent. My senses, once acute, were now dead; and my passion for life had turned into a loathing for it. Too much sweet without rue had made my heart now heavy. But at last it rained. My flushed cheeks were cooled; and the throbbing of nerves in my head stopped. Ecstasy again gripped me, but this time tempered with silver rain; and I painted a picture of the wheat as it appeared through the liquid silver. I knew that no man could portray the vitality and the soul of the sea; but I also knew that in that little portion of wheat as it looked in the rain with the first rays of a sun trying to pierce the dark clouds in the sky, I had come upon one of those rare inexplicable moments that makes man hesitate on his weary march to see God and to know Him. For almost a year I carried in my heart a picture of wind-tossed wheat and silver shining rain; but in transcribing it to canvas I brought myself fame and lost that lovely image to my heart forever.

## The Revere High Debate

**(P)**ON FRIDAY evening, March 20, the Latin School representatives debated those of Revere High in the Auditorium of Revere High School on the question:—RESOLVED: That the United States Should Immediately Recognize Soviet Russia. The team for the affirmative (Revere High School) consisted of: Samuel Samuels '25, Benjamin L. Rosenberg '25, Fred W. Hillman '25 and Benjamin B. Bregman '27, alternate. The negative (B. L. S.) was upheld by: Harry G. Slater '25, Lazard H. Seiff '25, Ralph B. Rogers '26, and Arnold Isenberg '28, alternate. David C. Sachs was timekeeper for our school. The judges of the debate were: Mr. M. E. Currier, Instructor of Debating, Chelsea High School, Miss A. L. Barker, Head of the English Department, Salem High School, and Mr. W. H. Ringer, Principal of Gloucester High School. Mr. O'Gorman, principal of Revere High School, presided. The time of the main speeches was ten minutes with a two-minute warning. The rebuttals were also of ten minutes duration, and followed a fifteen-minute intermission which was given in order to allow preparation of the rebuttal speeches.

Following a selection by the Revere High School Orchestra, which was enjoyed by the three hundred and fifty people present, the first speaker for the affirmative spoke. He set forth his facts very clearly and made a good impression upon the audience. He was followed by Harry Slater of Latin School. Slater's words were clearly enunciated and slowly and forcefully spoken. He stated the arguments for the negative in an interesting way and held the attention of the audience throughout his entire speech. His talk seemed the better by contrast with the third speaker, B. L. Rosenberg (R. H. S.) who spoke every word in such a loud monotone as to be at times not understandable. He was unable to overcome the favorable impression Slater had made and so Seiff started off with the advantage of having the audience inclined toward his side. Speaking in a manner worthily representing Latin School, Seiff filled his speech with short, pithy sentences expressing his arguments in a nutshell.

Following Seiff came Revere's star speaker, Hillman. He did his best to swing the audience over to his side so that when R. B. Rogers commenced speaking the Revere supporters had regained their confidence in their team. Rogers commenced in very low tones, coolly and slowly, with the large representation of the Revere School manifestly against him. When he had finished speaking the Revere supporters acknowledged that no matter how good their rebuttal might be, Latin School would win on the basis of Roger's excellent work.

During the intermission we were entertained by the Revere High School Orchestra, and by a quartet of boys from that school. The first rebuttal was given by Slater for the negative. In it he picked out all the flaws in his opponent's arguments and showed up the opposing team, as it were. Hillman, captain of the Revere debaters, tried to save the day for his side by insinuating that our team had obtained its information from false and unreliable sources. His forensic efforts, better now than in his main speech, were, however, in vain, for **Latin School was declared the winner by the unanimous vote of the judges and by the ungrudging admission of the audience.**

Mr. O'Gorman announced that the judges had also been requested to decide which of the six debaters had been the best that evening, and we are glad to say that they rightly declared Ralph B. Rogers of Latin School to have delivered his address in the finest manner.

—*The Editor.*



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## Editorials

FROM 1845 to 1922 Latin School occupied the same building with English High School. First we shared the Bedford Street building, later the structure on Warren Avenue. The two schools were often called the sister schools. In the eighties of the last century, the two schools were represented by a single baseball team. On occasions of note English lent us their orchestra just as they lent us their band within our own memory.

Aside from the above mentioned bonds the two schools had little in common and little in which they could work together. In 1922 we moved to this, our new building, which we are occupying alone. We have as our neighbors across the way, the High School of Commerce. During our first two years on Louis Pasteur Avenue we had nothing to link us together except our location. This September, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Downey, Headmaster of Commerce, co-operated in forming a Chemistry Class at Commerce especially for Latin School students. Sixteen fellows of Room 300 who plan to go to Technology have voluntarily sacrificed their five study periods to study chemistry at the High School under Mr. Mason, head of Commerce's Science Department. Commerce is, in turn, sending several boys over here for Latin and Greek.

When the words of the inaugural ceremonies were received on the Commerce radio set, we were permitted to attend the reception and hear the historic exercises. The co-operation of the two schools has had only good effects. We wish to suggest that each school, more and more make use of the resources of the other school. The High School recently held open house night for the benefit of grammar school pupils and their parents who wished to see, first hand, what Commerce was really like. Why can not Latin School next year follow out Mr. Downey's plan? We feel that Latin School is the best public high school under the control of the Boston School Committee, but it attempts only to train fellows for college. Commerce, on the other hand, trains fellows for work immediately on leaving high school. Cannot the two schools therefore *together* try to educate the public as to what high school is the best for each child according to his purpose?

## What's Wrong with Latin School Athletics

ARE our athletic teams "slipping"? It would seem from the records that we are not producing teams of the calibre of other years. On Friday, February 19, we were defeated in the dual track meet with English by a margin of 101 points, 166-65. The defeat was not unexpected, as English, with a student body of 3500 to draw from, always has an excellent track team. However, to be defeated by 101 points is quite another matter.

We believe this is the worst defeat any English High track team ever handed us. It is positively the worst within the last ten years. But why? Our student body is larger than ever and out of 1300 boys, there should be at least 150 who think enough of their school to try to help it in athletics. There should be 150 boys competing for places on *every* athletic team which represents the school.

Many boys are too quick to say that our team in this or that sport is "terrible this year." It is noticed that none of these critics ever go out for a team. Since this is so, the very least that they can do is to give their entire support to the boys who represent the school. Latin School needs fewer critics and more boys who will give their afternoons to the school and place themselves under Mr. Fitzgerald's efficient direction.

This year, in track, the smaller and younger boys have done well all year. The Junior and Intermediate divisions made a good showing against English and in the City and Regimental meets. The Senior division was very weak. This means that the boys of the three upper classes are neglecting their duty to the school. Very few know that in the English meet we had but one runner competing in the Senior "600" and one in the Senior 1000-yard run. English entered at least 20 runners in each of these events. Think this over, you upper classmen. Even had our lone representatives won their races, English would have outscored us in these events by force of numbers alone, for second, third, and fourth places total six points while only five are awarded the winner. The indoor track season is over now, but the outdoor track season offers you another chance to win your "L." We are badly in need of distance runners. Let us hope that in the outdoor meets we shall have more than one runner in each of the longer races.

The baseball season has arrived. As almost everyone plays baseball, there should be a record number of candidates for the nine. There are several positions left open by graduation; the entire outfield, shortstop and catcher. We need two or three more pitchers also. Boost the team for the city championship!

As usual, several former Latin School boys ran for English High this year. These boys scored a total of thirty points against us in the dual meet. Among them are Kiley, winner of the 300, Colleton, their captain, winner of the 600, and Meagher, winner of the 1000. Year after year, some of our best athletic prospects transfer to other schools and we lose their services forever.

The support of the school was lacking at the meets this year. The track team competed in six meets and the average attendance was much less than 100. At our class meet, there were 20 spectators. The runners certainly were not inspired to greater efforts by such poor support. The School can atone for this poor showing by attending the outdoor meets and the home baseball games in large numbers. Show some real spirit and enthusiasm at these contests. Support your athletes with large organized cheering sections and let everyone in the school take more interest in *all* the athletic teams.



# SCHOOL NOTES

**(B)**ON FRIDAY, March 6, we attended the fifth and last Public Declamation of the year. We have no criticism to offer concerning the speakers; they made a remarkably fine showing. The School Notes editor admits that there were several new pieces spoken, but he contends that this did not in the least rob the many old pieces of their staleness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Campbell was fortunate enough to secure Mr. Alden G. Alley to address the assembly on Monday, March 16. Mr. Alley is an eminent authority on the League of Nations, and he endeavored to show the League in its true light to an audience which was doubtless opposed to it. He showed that Latin School has its own share in the world alliance, because one of her sons, Arthur Sweetser '04, is employed in the office of the Secretariat at Geneva. Mr. Alley showed the need of some bond of union between the nations of the world and demonstrated that the League of Nations alone can serve in that capacity. The League as yet is an experiment, he said; we can't expect it to be perfect. It makes mistakes, but it profits by them; and through its experience it will finally attain perfection, though it take considerable time. He reminded us of its practicability, and the splendid spirit of team-work that it shows. Such an organization, he declared, cannot help but succeed, though its future may look dark at times.

Mr. Alley placed his case before us with vivid clearness, and we saw his point plainly. He deserved every bit of the praise which Mr. Campbell so warmly bestowed upon him; and we feel sure that those who heard him will agree with us when we say that he is absolutely the best speaker, bar none, who ever spoke from the platform in the Assembly Hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Particulars of the First Annual Banquet of the Class of 1925 will appear in the May issue of the *Register*. The banquet was held at the Hotel Somerset on the evening of April 16. Mr. Frederick J. O'Brien, our former teacher-coach, was toastmaster and the former headmaster, Mr. Pennypacker, was among the speakers.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Boston *Globe* on Monday morning, March 9, printed one and one-half columns about our Alumni Number. Our "lead story" "An Appropriate Article," by Harley P. Cook, '03, was quoted in its entirety.

Why has the old custom of placing the pictures of the successful athletic teams on the corridor walls been discontinued during the last seven years? The School should at least be willing to buy frames for the pictures of our 1922 championship football team and our 1924 record-breaking Relay Team.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many alumni to whom copies of the Alumni Number were mailed have expressed their praise for the issue.

\* \* \* \* \*

On April 17, the Class Day exercises were held in the Exhibition Hall. The reclass oration was read by its author. Full details of the exercises will appear in a succeeding number of the *Register*.

\* \* \* \* \*

We wish to remind both teachers and pupils that the columns of the *Register* are always open to them for comments or opinions on phases of our school life.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Register* Prize Story Contest closes May 4. So far this year twenty-one stories have been published of which ten were not eligible owing to their authors being staff members. Every good story handed in before May 4 will be printed in the Fiction Number (the May issue of the *Register*) and thus made an entry in the contest. There is therefore as much opportunity for a new contributor to win the prize as an old one. Contributions will also have great weight in determining the members of next year's Staff. Those desirous of being on the *Register* Staff will kindly give their names to Mr. Dole before May 1.

\* \* \* \* \*

The whole school's whispering about "The Whole Town's Talking." The talking will be done on the evening of the first of May, when the Dramatic Club will present this well-known farce. The last play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate", was so well attended that the seats for this new play will probably have to be auctioned off to the highest bidders. When "The Whole Town's Talking" was first presented in Boston it was attended by great throngs. "Such popularity must be deserved."

The action of the play takes place in that well-known town, Sandusky, Ohio, at the home of Henry Simmons, a wealthy old paint manufacturer and the innocent cause of all the trouble, portrayed by Lee J. Dunn. "Aby" Abramson, like Virgil's Caenis, will once more assume feminine form in the person of Mrs. Simmons. Vic Crona will appear as the charming Ethel Simmons, just out of boarding-school who will marry only a man who has "sowed his wild oats", like Roger Shields, alias Dave Sachs, who has Continental manners and who speaks French like a native—of Tibet. Al Rosenberg, he of the policeman feet, will appear as the awkward Chester Binney, who, after much trouble, finally wraps his arms around the heroine. Kelso Sutton will be lissome Letty Lythe, the languishing lady of the films. Her burly fiance, Donald Swift, a movie director and an ex-prize fighter, will "strut his stuff" on the stage in the person of Bob Parks. Lazard Seiff will don feminine raiment and mannerisms when he toddles forth on the scene as Sadie Bloom, the blooming dance-hall denizen. Annie the maid (who does *not* fall in love with the pampered son of the house; there being no son), will be played by Harold Berliner. The parts of the noisy schoolgirls, Lila Wilson and Sally Otis, will be taken by Ralph Rogers and Howard Rubin respectively.

Everybody should come. You who did not attend the last play realize, we hope, that you missed one of the big events of the school year; don't let it happen again!

"Lew" Tobin and Herman Snyder, recently of Latin School, have composed a popular song entitled: "Lonesome Willie Blues." Our former Editor-in-Chief and Staff Artist, "Chet" Solomont, has drawn the cover for the new hit, which is to be on sale after April 15. The first printing is five thousand copies, and it is expected that the demand for the song in sheet music form will compel an almost immediate second printing.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the annual meeting of the Eastern Association of Physics Teachers held at Boston College on March 28, Mr. William F. Rice of our faculty was chosen treasurer. Mr. F. E. Mason, Room 300's chemistry teacher, was elected to the executive committee. He is the retiring president.

## Alumni Notes

- '59 It is with great regret that we announce the death of the Reverend Frederick Baylies Allen, prominent clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was renowned for his beneficial activities in Boston. He opened the first playroom for children in the North End, established the Sailor's Haven in Charlestown, St. Mary's Home for Sailors in East Boston, and the Church Rescue Mission. He established the Watch and Ward Society and was secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Reform Association. He is survived by his second wife, four daughters, and a son.

\* \* \* \* \*

- '69 Judge Robert Grant is the author of "The Bishop's Granddaughter", a protest against the American divorce evil, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* \* \* \* \*

- '71 Grenville H. Norcross has been re-elected a director of the Bostonian Society and elected vice-treasurer and a director of the Conveyance Title Insurance Co., Boston.

\* \* \* \* \*

- '80 William W. Fenn, Bussey Professor of Theology at Harvard, preached in All Souls' Church, Unitarian, Augusta, Me., on February 1.

\* \* \* \* \*

- '88 Arthur Woods has been nominated for one of the positions of overseers of the Harvard Alumni Association.

\* \* \* \* \*

- '91 N. H. Laughton is the author of a letter to the Harvard Alumni Bulletin telling of the esteem in which the late Senator Lodge was held by the Greeks.

\* \* \* \* \*

- '94 Carl Newell Jackson has been appointed Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard University.

\* \* \* \* \*

- '95 Edward Perkins Davis of St. Paul has been nominated as a director at a recent meeting of the Harvard Alumni Association.

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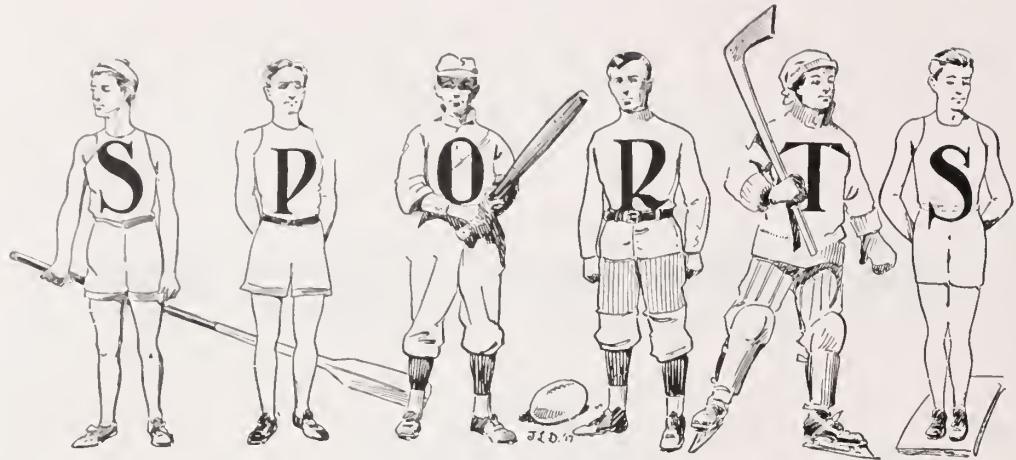
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### THE CITY MEET

THE second annual track meet of the city high schools, held at the East Armory on March 7, was won by English High School, with Latin School in third place. We scored most of our points in the intermediate division, while in the senior division we scored but four points. West, in the intermediate broad jump, broke the record. The junior hurdle triumvirate of Dalrymple, McCall, and Moynihan managed to get five points in their event, although Moynihan failed to get into the finals. Munroe, who should have been able to get second in the intermediate 600 fell on the first lap, and although he made a game fight he could not pull up amongst the first four. Bennett ran a good race in this event and got a third. With five qualifiers for the senior 300 semi-finals, but two lasted till the finals, R. D. Sullivan and Cummings, and but one of these two, Sullivan, placed. He got third. There was a good deal of elbowing in this race, and both our men were handled roughly on the first corner. Cummings pulled up a good bit on the second straight-away, only to have his efforts go for naught, when he, together with Giardino of English High, fell on the third corner. On the last stretch Bob Sullivan pulled up from fourth to third. Had our men got out front in the early stages of the race, the story might have been different. Guilford, who got second in the junior 176. Landau who took second in the intermediate hurdles, and Haggerty, fourth place winner in the 220, were our only other place winners in the running events.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE CITY RELAYS

We fared better in the relays of the City Meet than in either the field events or running events. Counting the scores of these relays alone English High was first with 18, and Latin and Dorchester tied for second with 9 points apiece. The junior team, composed of Dalrymple, Moynahan, McCall, and Guilford, and the intermediate team, Epstein, Haggerty, Munro, and Spotnitz, each got third in their respective divisions. But the senior two-lap team, Cummings, O'Brien, V. P. Sullivan, and R. D. Sullivan, the main "hope" of the school, came through in fine shape. The time 2 minutes, 59 3-5 seconds, while not a new record, is still better than the District Relay record. The team raced English High and while the contest was not so close as in the other relays this winter, still it was close enough to make it interesting. Cummings, who led off, handed over a good lead of about 10 yards to O'Brien, and this lead was kept until the final leg of the race. Giardino pulled up

on Bob Sullivan on the first lap, but made no gain on the second lap. Bob finished about 6 yards to the good, but only 2-5 of a second ahead of English High. The senior two-lap championship which has been with the school for a good many years, will reside at Avenue Louis Pasteur for at least another year. This final victory makes it three out of four for Latin School against English High, which is a very good percentage. The senior one-lap team: Gaffney, Capt. Holzman, White, and Wildes, got fifth place in the times.

## THE REGIMENTAL MEET

The track team came through the "Reggies" with flying colors. Although thought to be out of the running, we got fourth place in the total scoring and were beaten by only one district school. Fifth or sixth place was the best that was conceded to us before the meet. The reason for the relatively fine showing was due to the wonderful courage shown by all the boys. Haggerty, who did not place in the finals of the City Meet, and who was not feeling the best in the world, got fourth in the 220. He showed some great running in the semifinal; and if he had been in a little better condition, he would certainly have got better than fourth. Dalrymple got second in the hurdles to Rosenblatt of East Boston and defeated Crowley of English who had previously defeated him in the City Meet. Guilford also came through in fine shape and got second in the 176. He certainly has a great deal of speed for such a little fellow. Landau also lived up to expectations, when he got second in the intermediate hurdles. It was just such efforts as these, with the boys doing even better than was expected of them, that kept us in the running. The only disappointment of the day came in the senior 300. We had two men, Sullivan and Cummings, in the finals, but they got off slowly and since the finalists were all pretty nearly equal in speed, they could not manage to pull up.

Others who placed were:  
Beveridge, 4th in the senior broad jump.  
Barry, 3rd in intermediate broad jump.  
McCall, 4th in the junior hurdles.  
Parks, tie for 3rd in the sen. high jump.  
Berkowitz, 4th intermediate shot-put.

### Jakmaugh, 1st intermediate high jump.

## SWIMMING

**SWIMMING**  
**LATIN 82—HYDE PARK 49**

On Tuesday, March third, our swimming team defeated Hyde Park by a score of 92 to 49. The team showed up well, capturing twelve first places out of a possible fifteen. Joy equaled the Regimental record in the senior 100-yard freestyle. The senior relay team also did well, winning by a lap over Hyde Park.

## SENIOR DIVISION

**DIVISION**  
100-Yard Freestroke—Won by Joy (L); second, Sweeney (H. P.); third, Morrissey (L); fourth, Randall (H. P.)

50-Yard Breaststroke—Won by Keith (L); second, Parfumorris (H. P.); third, Fisher (L); fourth, Russo (H. P.).

**50-Yard Backstroke**—Won by Jarosh (L); second, Jones (H. P.); third, Maxwell (H. P.); fourth, Hutchins (L).

Dives—Won by Hutchins (L); second, Verge (L); third, Sweeney (H. P.).

*Relay Race*—Won by Boston Latin. (Keith, Jarosh, Morrissey and Joy).

## INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

*50-Yard Freestyle*—Won by Ward (H. P.); second, Wellock (L); third, Sanderson (L); fourth, Crowley (H. P.).

*25-Yard Breaststroke*—Won by Putnam (L); second, Serkin (L); third, Olson (H. P.); fourth, Voyer (H. P.).

*25-Yard Backstroke*—Won by McCarthy (L); second, Harlow (H. P.); third, McDonald (H. P.).

*Dives*—Won by Ryan (L); second, Talbot (L); third, Crowley (H. P.); fourth, Margeson (H. P.).

*Relay Race*—Won by Hyde Park, (Ward, Harlow, Margeson and McDonald).

## JUNIOR DIVISION

*25-Yard Freestyle*—Won by Perry (H. P.); second, MacPherson (L); third, A. Rogers (L).

*25-Yard Breaststroke*—Won by Burns (L); second, Rosecalm (H. P.); third, Bloom (L).

*25-Yard Backstroke*—Won by Jacobson (L); second, O'Neil (L); third, Wilczewski (H. P.).

*Dives*—Won by Myerson (L); second, Burns (L); third, Leaman (H. P.).

*Relay Race*—Won by Boston Latin, (White, MacPherson, Jacobson and Myerson).

## BASEBALL

With the Regimental Meet a thing of the past, all attention will be focused on baseball for the rest of the school year. The first call for battery candidates on March 6, brought forth a large number of boys. Colpak, Neal, Flynn, Berenson, and Joe Goode, the only remaining veteran of last year's staff, are out for pitching assignments. Burke, Sachs, Twiss, and McDermott will fight it out for the catcher's berth. The infield is almost intact from last year, with McInnes, Owens, and Donaghay back again. Others who are trying for the infield are Costigan, Gildea, Finn, Moriarty, Gastar, Walsh, Kiley, and E. Sullivan. Avery is the only veteran in the outfield, and he will have plenty of competition for his job, for there are a large number of fellows out for a job in the field. Martin, McGrath, and Gaffney are very likely looking candidates for positions there. If the coach can only find a couple of good pitchers out of the many candidates, we should have a good season. With such a large number of good players out for every position, there will be plenty of competition, which should keep everybody on his toes.

## THE SCHEDULE

April	15—Milton Academy	May	12—South Boston
	18—Walpole		15—Charlestown
	20—Boston College High		16—Lawrence
	22—Groton		18—Brighton
	29—Norwood		20—Middlesex
	30—Jamaica Plain		25—Hyde Park
May	1—Quincy High		29—Trade
	5—East Boston	June	1—Dorchester
	6—Thayer Academy		3—English
	8—Commerce		8—Mechanics
	9—Pomfret		

The game with English High School will be postponed, if possible, so as to make that game the last of the season, as in previous years.

## Exchanges

C. C. Corey

**T**HIS month we received but few exchanges, and while our column will not contain the usual quantity of periodicals, this is made up for by the excellent quality of those commented on.

\* \* \* \* \*

We picked up the *Grotonian* for February with an expectation of some interesting reading and were not disappointed. Mr. Pulling's criticism of the number has summed it up so well that we shall content ourself with stating our approval of the entire contents, containing as it does variety enough to suit anyone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The February and March numbers of the *Hill Record* are as usual above criticism and very praiseworthy. While your writers never seem to attempt long stories, the short articles and poetry make up for this deficiency. We hope to see Plummer's skilful brush in use again soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first thing that attracted our attention about the *Jabberwock* was the new cover design. Outside of the fact that we think it a very good design, our favorite color combination is orange and black; so perhaps we may be a bit prejudiced. Your literary department was handled with its usual excellence. May we suggest more jokes, grouped together in a separate department?

\* \* \* \* \*

One of our best exchanges is the *Phillips Bulletin* of Phillips Andover Academy. Among the interesting and instructive features of the January number were the illustrated article on the Academy's Southwestern Archaeological Expedition, the account of the Andover-Exeter football game, and the Latin Cross-Word Puzzle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although the March number of the English High School *Record* contained much good material, we feel that the arrangement could be improved. The jokes were excellent and well worth the trouble we had in hunting for them. "An Interior Decoration" was one of the best short stories we have read lately.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whenever we receive a copy of the *Regis Monthly* we prepare to sit down to a feast of short stories, cleverly written by a group of promising young authors. The February number contained the usual excellent stories and a few short poems. Nothing which we could suggest could in any way improve this most orderly monthly.

\* \* \* \* \*

In lighter vein we now turn to the Joke Number of *The Shuttle*, from the High School of Practical Arts. It certainly lived up to its name. Aside from the jokes and humorous articles, all of which were good, we especially liked "A Would-be Robinson Crusoe," and the two stories which received Honorable Mention in the *Traveler* Short Story Contest. Being of a humorous turn, they were all most suitable for your Joke Number.

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# Jest a Jest

P.

## A GLASSY STARE

Erratic Maiden Lady: "I say, sales person! Is this the mirror department?"

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am."

E. M. L.: "Well, I'd like to see something odd in a mirror."

Clerk: "Yes, ma'am. Just take a look in this one, ma'am."

\* \* \*

"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free."

"Ah mean what has you did?"

"Done shot mah wife."

"You-all killed yo' wife and only in jail fo' two weeks?"

"Dat's all—then ah gets hung."

\* \* \*

"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fried and I'll have the chops lean."

"Yes, sir, which way?"

\* \* \*

Thin Lady: "You're a coward—you're even afraid of your own shadow."

Fat Lady: "Well, why shouldn't I be? It looks like a crowd following me!"

\* \* \*

"Do you think all women are talkative?"

"Well, yes; they are—generally speaking."

Nervy Ned: "Hello, butcher; got any dry herring?"

Butcher: "Sure."

Nervy Ned: "Well, give them a drink."

\* \* \*

Prof. (rapping on desk): "Order, gentlemen, order!"

Student (just awakening): "Egg sandwich and cup of coffee."

\* \* \*

Montmorency (to station agent): "Beg pawdon, sir; when does the next train leave for the east?"

S. M.: "Not for six hours."

Montmorency: "Beg pawdon, sir; but when does the west-bound train come through?"

S. M.: "Not until tomorrow."

Montmorency: "Come on, Ferdie; now we can cwoss the twacks."

\* \* \*

It's a mean man, who, when his wife asks him to buy her a car, tells her she must be contented with the splendid carriage nature gave her.

\* \* \*

"Boy, call me a taxi!"

"All right! You're a taxi."

\* \* \*

Judge: "Why didn't you give the officer your real name?"

Prisoner: "Well, your honor, Smith sounds rather fictitious."

Student (to clerk in drugstore): "You needn't look at that check so hard; it'll be back in a few days and then you can look at it as long as you want to."

—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah*

\* \* \*

"Say, the jokes in that last issue were terrible."

"I don't know. I just threw a lot of the rejected ones in the stove and the fire just roared."

—*Princeton Tiger*

\* \* \*

Al: "I've lost a lot of weight this winter."

Francine: "I don't see it."

Al: "Why no, how could you, I've lost it."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

\* \* \*

We'd like to know who this man, Anno Domini is. He built a lot of college dormitories.

—*Punch Bowl*

\* \* \*

A Senior stood on a railroad track,  
The train was coming fast,  
The train got off the railroad track  
And let the Senior pass.

—*A Freshman*

\* \* \*

All hair is silver to the barber.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl*

\* \* \*

Charles: "Which do you think is the better acrobat, Houdini, or Donald Ogden Stuart's hero, who mounted his horse and galloped off in all directions?"

Reade: "Neither. What about Robinson Crusoe? It says here, 'After he had finished his meal he lit up his pipe and sat down on his chest.'"

\* \* \*

Head-waiter: "How did you find the luncheon, sir?"

Patron: "Oh, I had a hard job, you little rascal, but I finally discovered it behind the salt-cellar."

Motorist (in small country town): "What do you do around here?"

Farmer: "Nothing but fish."

Motorist: "Yes?"

Farmer: "Yes, and in winter it's too cold for touring, so we have to hunt."

\* \* \*

"Foiled," said the stick of gum as it went through the wrapping machine.

\* \* \*

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I'm out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," answered Tommy.

"Now, Tommy," replied his mother, "you can never be a real son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

\* \* \*

"Chickens, sah," said the negro sage, "is de usefulest animal dere is. You c'n eat 'em fo' dey is bo'n and afteh dey's dead."

\* \* \*

Sailor: "I just seen some orange peels and banana skins floating on the water, sir,"

Columbus: "Was there any chewing gum?"

Sailor: "No, sir."

Columbus: "Then we must be near the West Indies; it certainly can't be America."

\* \* \*

Phi: "I'm going to sue my English Prof. for libel!"

Bete: "Why's that?"

Phi: "Because he wrote on my last theme, 'You have bad relatives and antecedents'."

\* \* \*

Two Microbes sat on a pantry shelf

And watched with expressions pained,  
The milkman's stunts, and both said at once:

"Our relations are getting strained."

\* \* \*

"Papa, what makes night fall?"

"The sunbeams give way."

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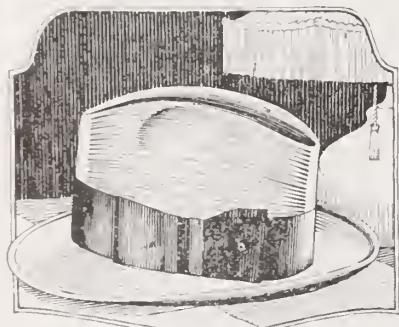
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## Latin School Register

WISE BEES SAVE HONEY



WISE FOLKS SAVE MONEY

HARRY LAUDER says:

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